UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

The Pioneers

By ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY

Recent Developments in World Politics and American Responsibility for World Peace

By "POLITICAL OBSERVER"

A Backward Glance at Millet

By JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

Was the World War Worth While?

By HENRY W. PINKHAM

VOLUME XCIV NUMBER 22

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCIV MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1925 NUMBER 22

"Our youthful fire-eaters of the Great War are beginning to feel a little disillusioned. Their patriotic thirst for blood has cooled; I do not hear them talk, as I heard a young officer in 1914, of cutting up their enemies 'like pork.' They begin to understand that murder is an activity in which it is desirable to exercise a certain moderation; they are visited by a suspicion that in seeking to destroy a youthful nation potent for the civilization of the future, they have perhaps earned a name quite other than that of 'heroes.' . . . There is still hope for the world!"

—*Havelock Ellis* in "Impressions and Comments."

Editorial Announcement

The Editors of UNITY have the pleasure and honor to announce the publication in these columns, beginning March 2nd and continuing in weekly instalments until completed, of an "Autobiography" by the late George Willis Cooke.

Mr. Cooke, who died in 1923, was one of the founders of UNITY, a minister of various liberal churches through more than forty years, an author of such important books as "Ralph Waldo Emerson—His Life, Writings and Philosophy," "George Eliot, A Critical Study," "Guide Book to the Writings of Robert Browning," "Unitarianism in America," "The Social Evolution of Religion." He was a pioneer of Socialism in America, a life-long champion and expounder of free religion, a scholarly and courageous advocate of advanced ideas and radical reforms. During his long and fruitful career as preacher, lecturer and author, he met and knew intimately many distinguished men and women, and was an active participant in many of the important political, social and religious movements of his time. His frequent contributions to UNITY made his name and thought familiar to our readers.

Mr. Cooke's "Autobiography" was found among his manuscripts after his death. It is an extended piece of work, giving a full and picturesque description of his outward career, and more particularly of the inward development of his mind, through a long life of study and creative public service. It records the story of his birth and boyhood in one of the frontier clearings of the West, of his early education and passion for books, of the anti-slavery conflict and the Civil War, of the crude evangelical religious movements of the time, of his discovery of Theodore Parker and Unitarianism, of his college and theological school experiences, of his entrance into the ministry, of his early interest in philosophy and science, of his steady progress in Socialism. Its pages teem with familiar names—Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Robert Collyer, Walt Whitman, Robert G. Ingersoll, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bronson Alcott, Frank Sanborn, John Fiske, Mary A. Livermore, Julia Ward Howe. It tells of the founding of the Free Religious Association, of the meetings of the famous Concord School of Philosophy, of the progress of the Chatauqua movement, of early radical political parties in this country, and of the coming of Socialism. The outward story is elaborate, but Mr. Cooke's own mind—his inward reactions and experiences, the growth of his knowledge and the progress of his thought—remains always the central theme.

The manuscript, placed in our hands for editorial study and revision, was found much too long for serial publication in these columns. The closing chapters, which deal almost exclusively with questions of abstract political and philosophical discussion, were therefore put aside. The rest of the book, however, will be printed practically as it came from the pen of Mr. Cooke. The title selected is "The Story of My Mind —An Autobiography, by George Willis Cooke."

UNITY counts itself fortunate in being able to present this "Autobiography" to its readers. It is a work of fascinating human interest, a first-hand historical document of no mean importance, a study of the progress of radical thought in America of permanent significance. It is hoped that, after its appearance in these columns, the manuscript will be published in book form.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

In this issue of UNITY there appears one of the most important articles which we have published in recent months. We refer to the article by "Political Observer" on Recent Developments in World Politics and America's Responsibility for Peace. It is evident from this statement by a man exceptionally well informed on affairs in the Far East, that a revolutionary realignment is taking place among the nations of the earth. Already the situation met and to a certain extent answered by the Washington Treaty has become a piece of ancient history and the Treaty itself antiquated. At one end of the realignment stands Russia reaching out the hand of fraternal alliance to Germany in the West and to China in the East. At the other end stands Japan re-

placing her English alliance with a new Russian alliance. In the midst of all the readjustments stands the Singapore Naval Base project as a kind of touchstone or talisman of where the nations stand to-day and of what they are hoping and planning for tomorrow. Especially is this true of the United States not merely as regards her attitude toward the present situation, but also as regards her attitude toward the whole prospect of future war and peace. The problem is an intricate one, but Mr. Das disentangles the various factors in his admirable discussion, and thus reveals them clearly to our examination. We cannot be too keenly aware of the fact that momentous things are being done to-day, as similar things were being done in 1912-1913. We were asleep then, and should be awake now. What is to-day transpiring in an understanding here and an alliance there may make or mar the world forever.

The defeat of the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution is an act for which every American should hang his head in shame. The reasons for the tragedy are not far to seek. First and foremost is the fact that we are wallowing in the filthy flats of the ebb-tide of reaction. Liberal sentiment has for the moment disappeared; as a people we have no other desire than to be let alone, to make and spend all the money we possibly can. If a lot of little children are chewed up in the money-making process, why, never mind—there are plenty of others where these came from! Secondly, there is the lingering hysteria in the public mind against everything savoring of radical change. It would seem incredible that anybody should regard as radical a Constitutional amendment empowering Congress to enact federal legislation identical with the legislation already existing in the most enlightened states. But we are still in the mood to regard any change whatsoever as Bolshevist, and therefore it was easy to "prove" that the Child Labor Amendment was written in Moscow. Again, there is the unquestioned revolt against any further amending of the Constitution, occasioned by the resentment against the Prohibition Amendment in influential circles. Unable to repeal this 18th Amendment, its opponents have simply "taken it out of" the proposed 20th Amendment. Deterred from murdering his wife, the enraged householder kicks his dog! Finally, as a culmination, there is the organized opposition of the rich and powerful manufacturing interests of the country. Utilizing to the uttermost opportunities ready to their hands, these great employers of labor organized a campaign as effective as it was deliberately selfish and dishonest, which won its Leipzig in the Massachusetts election last November, and now has achieved its Waterloo in the negative action of various legislatures. The result is a cruel defeat for the devoted servants of the public weal in the National Child Labor Committee, and a humiliation for us all. But tomorrow is another day. The children will yet be free!

Pride goeth before a fall! We have been congratulating ourselves for a number of years that we were able to tell the true and the false about Russia when they appeared in our newspaper dispatches and magazine articles, and, lo and behold, we have just failed like the various tyro! Some of our readers will recall that we commented on the news that Bernard Shaw's "Saint Joan" had been suppressed in Moscow because of Shaw's impolite remarks about the Bolshevik government. We declared that we hated to believe that this story was true, yet felt that it bore the ear-marks of genuineness. On the one hand it appeared in a special dispatch from Moscow written by a well known and responsible correspondent of the London *Morning Post.* On the other hand the story ran true to human nature, since government officials everywhere are engaged in the business of suppressing things that they do not like. "We therefore most regretfully believe this story," we wrote, "and set it down as one more lesson on the follies of governments and the evils of censorships." As a matter of fact it is only one more lesson on the folly of believing anything that appears in our newspapers unfavorable to the Soviet government, and on the evils of modern journalism! Here is one more demonstration that the best newspapers and the best correspondents lie gladly and thoroughly whenever they bear witness about the Bolsheviks! The "Saint Joan" story, in other words, is not true. It appeared in the London *Morning Post,* was written by the *Post's* Russian correspondent, was telegraphed from Moscow, just as we said. But we now know that "Saint Joan" is being played not only in Moscow but in Leningrad! The Manchester *Guardian,* one of the best of all newspapers, got the truth and thus demonstrated that the original tale was a canard pure and simple. The yarn had been promptly and conspicuously featured by the American press—on the front page of The New York *Times,* January 6th, for example—but we have seen no correction in any newspaper. "Russian news," as the *Nation* well puts it, "is still different from all other news." Henceforth we shall believe nothing unless accompanied by an affidavit, and even then we shall hesitate.

The story of the breaking of Gandhi's twenty-one day fast, so widely reported in the press of this country, is the noblest illustration that we have seen of the genuinely spiritual conviction of the Mahatma and of the universal scope of his great mission. For three weeks this frail little man, just recovered from an all but mortal illness, weighing only ninety pounds at the age of fifty-six, had been lying in his bungalow on the outskirts of Delhi without food. From all parts of India

had come messages imploring him to spare himself, promising an end to the public sins for which he was doing penance—but in vain. Gandhi had taken a vow, the bond was between himself and God, and it could not be broken. Anxiously the watchers waited the passing of the days, and, as the third week came, hardly dared to believe that the Mahatma could live from hour to hour. Finally there came the moment when the twenty-one days were past and the fast could be broken. Inside Gandhi's chamber there gathered a group of prominent religious leaders of India in response to his invitation to join him in devotions. At Gandhi's suggestion one leader recited a Moslem prayer, another sang a Christian hymn, and another recited verses from the Hindu Upanishads. Gandhi then exacted renewed pledges of religious freedom, that all Indians might be united and not divided by their religious ideas. Finally, after a few moments of impressive silence, Gandhi's physician brought him some orange juice, and the fast was over. Was there ever a more touching and impressive religious ceremonial than this? The traditional Last Supper of Jesus rises to no greater heights of spiritual idealism and consecration. "That they may be one, even as we are one!" This is the prayer of Gandhi, as it was the prayer of Jesus. There lives upon the earth today one who is divine in all things as was the Nazarene, and one whose work is even as his, for the bringing in of the kingdom of righteousness and brotherhood among men.

Doctor John B. Watson, formerly Professor of Psychology at Johns Hopkins University, has just completed ten years of investigation of the behavior of infant children. He has experimented with more than 1,000 babies, and performed work never before attempted in science. His conclusions seem to upset most of the accepted principles of orthodox psychology, and to write a new and epoch-making page in the history of the new and modern behaviorist psychology. According to Dr. Watson, a child is born without any mental characteristics, moral impulses, or general spiritual attributes of any kind. The idea that man is born all equipped with instincts of fear, love, emulation, rivalry, pugnacity, resentment, sympathy, aquisitiveness, play, curiosity, sociability, shyness, jealousy, parental love—to quote the famous list compiled years ago by William James—now seems to be all nonsense. Professor Watson asserts that a child is born without fear of any kind. It does not know what it is to be afraid until it sees and imitates the fears of those about it. In the same way an infant is born without love. It has no instinct of affection for its parents. Love for the mother is developed as a result of habit and reaction. All this marks a revolution in our conceptions of human nature and embodies such a message of hope as regards the possible improvement of mankind, as wellnigh passes comprehension. For example, take the matter of race prejudice. On the basis of Professor Watson's conclusion, we know that race prejudice is not a natural but an artificial thing. It does not spring from within but is imposed from without. No child was ever born with any prejudices against a person of different color, race or nationality. Whatever prejudices appear in later life are the baneful result of the example of teaching of the individuals among whom the child has been reared. Correct this example in teaching, let the child grow up with its human nature unwarped or unpoisoned, and it will be utterly free from prejudices of every sort. The way, therefore, is wide open for the curing of this ill. We can rid mankind of prejudices just as soon as we make up our minds to rear a generation that knows nothing about them.

Words and phrases descriptive of popular psychology are not often accurate, but we doubt if there was ever a more accurate phrase than "race prejudice." What do we mean by "prejudice"? Why obviously a feeling or idea that has no basis in reason, no relation to reality. Does this, now, not perfectly describe the sentiment of the man who is hostile to racial groups other than his own? Here, for example, are southern white men—or most northern white men, for that matter—in their attitude toward the Negro! They regard the Negro as inferior, therefore as a menace to race purity and social stability, therefore as a creature to be trodden under foot. Is there any reason in fact or theory for this attitude? On the contrary there is no reason of any kind for regarding the Negro as an inferior human being, and many reasons for regarding him as an equal. Races differ from one another—some excel in some qualities, and some in others—but the balance is held pretty even, and the spiritual kinship of the whole remains absolutely unimpaired. If whites feel as they do toward the blacks—*and* the yellows, *and* the browns!—it is not because of reason but because of *"prejudice."* Their idea is utterly divorced from reality. It dwells wholly in the realm of fantasy and not of fact. It has no arguments, and therefore cannot be argued away. It has no foundations, and therefore cannot be overthrown. It simply exists as a blind, stupid, self-willed passion, commingled of fear, pride, ignorance and superstition. What can be done about it is hard to say. Race prejudice seems to be about as hopeless a proposition as patriotism. Yet we have confidence in the pervasive influences of education—not so much in the facts they handle and the arguments they present, as in the atmosphere they create. Experience, after all, must in the end vindicate truth, as life in the end reveals God. The stars in the courses are fighting for the oppressed races of the earth. They have but to be utterly true to themselves, and they will come into their own.

The Pioneers

I saw a mighty Nation. I heard mutterings of discontent. Great waves of feeling surged through it. I knew I stood in the presence of a great epoch. A vision came to this ancient nation. It captured the hearts and minds of Youth. It called on them to arise and leave the sheltered places, and march on a long journey toward an undiscovered country. Young men, strong of limb and light of heart, led the van. Then followed a company of people of all ages, and then, slowly struggling out over great distances, the rest of the people. As the Young Pioneers advanced, I saw them come to a vast plain. Here they took counsel together. They spoke of the dangers. They also spoke of their hopes and faith, and their eternal purpose. Then, with determined faces, they marched forward. At nightfall the little company gathered themselves together. They placed about them for protection huge boulders which they rolled together. Behind these they slept with ever-listening ear. In the morning they hastened onward toward that unknown land. In the evening where they camped, they again protected themselves from the dangers from without,—the beasts of the desert and the wild men who dwelt there. And so on across the plain they marked their journey by these hastily gathered means of protection.

When the second company came to the first encampment, they recognized the dangers which their vanguard had encountered. They knew the meaning of the rocks, and spent some time in making their protection more secure. Then they passed on. The next night another company came which still understood the meaning of the protection, and though those who had gone before had cleared the way of danger, yet they, being timorous, made even more secure their fortifications. Again a day passed, and another company came. They had encountered no danger by the way, many had passed before them, they felt no fear, but they were filled with gratitude toward those who had trod the way smooth. They camped that night outside the walls. In the morning, for the honor of those-who-had-gone-before, they gave some time to piling stones high about the fortification.

Another day passed, and others came who knew not the meaning of the huge pile of stones, but who felt that it was a tribute to those-who-had-gone-before. When the morning came, they spent the day building high into the heavens this pile of rocks to the honor and glory of the Pioneers. The days came, the days went, still they piled ever higher and higher rocks into the monument. They forgot the wild stirrings which led them to seek the undiscovered country, and they built ever higher and higher to the glory and honor of the Pioneers.

They built but knew not what they built. To the huge monument they brought their hopes and fears, their awe and reverence. The fortress became a cathedral. In it they sang their songs of praïse, and bowed in worship in the presence of the sacred memorial to the Pioneers. The fortress was now a holy place, on the entering of which men took off their shoes. Priests and choirs intoned and chanted the eternal glories of the Pioneers, and a thousand workmen labored from foundation to pinnacle to preserve this ancient monument. And into it great artists poured a wealth of beauty, all to the glory of the Pioneers.

In spite of heroic efforts, cracks appeared in the foundations of the structure. The men of wisdom searched deep into the ancient pile. Among them were Youths, ardent of spirit, hungry for knowledge, daring in soul. They reported, this was no cathedral but a fortress, built by brave and valiant souls who worshipped not the past but the future. They said the very rocks called on men to leave the past and march forth into the Unknown. But their voices were drowned in the roar of an angry sea. The Youth were led to a high place, and cast down, to the honor and glory of the Pioneers.

ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Jottings

Professor Schiller, in "Tantalus," declares that "the Great War, though it made abundantly manifest the prevalence of incompetents in high places, did not reveal the existence either of a great general or of a great statesman anywhere." This is hard on Joffre, Foche, Haig, Pershing, Ludendorff, Wilson, Clemenceau, Lloyd-George, Venezelos—but who can dispute it?

"Golden Rule" Nash has the right idea! He declares that denominationalism means "cussedness." Speaking to the Universalist church, he appeals to it to abandon sectarianism and unite with other Christian bodies in the work of Christ. This counsel applies to all churches. Let them give heed!

We read that the Lutherans are planning to "broadcast Gospel messages from the Lutheran viewpoint." We wonder what "Gospel messages from the Lutheran viewpoint" *are!* And we wonder if Jesus would recognize such "messages" if the spaces of the sky should chance to bear them to his celestial ears!

Soviet Russia continues to legislate on the subject of marriage (see the *Nation,* February 4th, page 130).

We wish that the Russian code of laws regulating marriage could be shown to all the ignorant people who think that life among the Bolsheviks to-day is an orgy of "free love"—also to the foolish people who think that the revolutionary society of the future is going to do away with the ancient and honorable institution of marriage. Both groups would have something to think about.

Zion's Herald reports that enrollment in the new theological schools at Leningrad and Moscow, which were established largely by the gifts of American Methodists, is almost double that of a year ago. The greatest problem at present is to find homes for the students. Dr. Julius F. Hecker, who is in control of these schools, reports that he recently sent to Leningrad from Moscow one thousand roubles' worth of Bibles. These are interesting facts, especially to those who talk so persistently about the "anti-religious" war in Russia.

DEFINITION—*National Honor,* a motive appealed to by nations when they propose to do something especially dishonorable.

J. H. H.

Recent Developments in World Politics and American Responsibility for World Peace

After the World War, the solution of the Far Eastern problems arrived at by the Paris Peace Conference, was found to be opposed to American and Chinese interests. For this reason as well as others, the American people, through the wise decision of the Senate, refused to become a party to that settlement. Later on Senator Borah, as a far-sighted statesman, sponsored the idea of the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, which the Harding administration took up and to a certain extent carried out. This Conference settled some of the problems of the Far East, such as the return of Shantung to China by Japan, Japanese evacuation of Siberia, and the eventual abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance by the adoption of the Four Power Pact.

When this Four Power Pact was signed by the United States and was sent to the Senate for its approval, Senator Borah pointed out the inadequacy of the treaty because it did not take China and Russia into consideration. He held that any settlement of Pacific problems without a cordial understanding with Russia and China would be in the long run ineffective if not futile. Because both Russia and China were absolutely ignored, there is today the possibility, if not the actuality, of a Russo-Japanese-Chinese bloc in the Pacific. This is quite apparent from the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese Agreement recently signed at Peking by M. Karakhan for Soviet Russia and M. Oshizawa for Japan.

The real significance of this Agreement, from the Russian point of view, can be seen in the following extract from an interview given by M. Joffe, the Soviet Ambassador at Vienna, who in 1922 began the Russo-Japanese negotiations. He says:

> The treaty contains no paragraph about the division of spheres of interest in the Far East. Such an arrangement would be in conflict with the Soviet's fundamental policy which is anti-imperialistic. There also is nothing touching the interests of the Chinese people, nothing which prejudices Russo-Chinese friendship. Naturally Japan obtains great economic privileges, but it was always the intention of Soviet Russia to strengthen in every way the good relations with Japan. . . . The American anti-Japanese Immigration Law has helped to turn Japanese sympathy towards Russia. Among the industrialists Russia is looked on as an important source of raw materials. Among the Japanese, however, Russia is beloved as the only white country with no prejudice against the yellow race.

The New York *Evening Post,* in the following editorial entitled "Russia in the Far East," published in the issue of January 24, 1925, sounds a warning note which is worth considering by all interested in the solution of the problems of the Pacific:

> Soviet Russia has emerged victorious from her political campaign in the Far East. The Red diplomatists tied down China in a treaty of recognition and amity last summer. The other day in Peking they signed with Japan a treaty re-opening diplomatic relations and binding the two nations much more closely than the ordinary requirements of international amity demanded. In this Russo-Japanese *rapprochement* the United States is vitally and deeply concerned. . . . From now on American policy in China must cope not only with the extension of Russian influence in that chaotic and unstable country but with Russian influence at least tacitly supported at Tokio. It means more than this. It means that Russia has at last forged an effective wedge with which to break the iron ring of the Pacific fashioned at the Washington Conference to hold that increasingly important political area in some sort of stability and order. The intrusion of Russia as a major element in Far Eastern politics puts out of kilter the balance set up by the Washington treaties and threatens the machinery devised to keep the peace of the Pacific. Some such idea as this was unquestionably in the mind of Foreign Minister Tchitcherin when he asserted that *the agreement with Japan is more than an ordinary settlement of disputed questions between both countries. It is going to consolidate Soviet influence in the Far East and reflect upon the complex political relations of the world.* . . . Those who see in this agreement the beginning of an alliance between Japan and Russia may not be so far off the track as they seem. And a Russo-Japanese Alliance, now that the Anglo-Japanese alliance has been broken, would fit in almost perfectly with the long-time foreign policy of Japan.
>
> However this treaty may work out in practice, there can be no doubt about its importance in the field of world politics. The situation in the Pacific has been gaining more and more attention ever since the rise of Japan to the position of a great Power. That attention was definitely focused at the time of the Washington Conference, and great relief was felt when the United States shouldered a large part of the burden of maintaining political stability in that region. When the situation was complicated by the entrance of Russia into Chinese affairs, the United States Ambassador at Peking came back to Washington for discussion and instruction. He has since made a move designed to speed the execution of the Washington agreements relating to judicial extra-territoriality and tariff autonomy in China. Now that Russian influence has been further extended and consolidated, the United States will find its course more complicated and difficult. The emergence of Soviet Russia as a force in the delicately balanced politics of the Far East and the Pacific, has, in this Russo-Japanese Treaty, become a fact and a problem—a fact which the United States is bound to recognize and consider; a problem which must correctly be solved, if the balance set up at the Washington Conference is to be restored.

The situation in the Far East presents far-reaching possibilities in the near future. It is clear that China lies at the centre of this future. China wants to get rid

of the oppressive extra-territorial jurisdiction which infringes upon her sovereignty as an independent power. Germany and Russia are the nations which have complied with her desire; and thus there is a close relation between China and these two nations. It is known to all well-informed students of Japanese politics that Japan is anxious to support China. Thus we see that Germany, Russia and Japan will back up Chinese claims in the future. It must not be ignored that Germany and Russia are practically bound up to a defensive alliance by the Treaty of Rapallo. Thus if everything goes on smoothly for Russo-Japanese diplomacy, there is every possibility of a German-Russian-Japanese-Chinese understanding.

The French view of the situation has been very tersely expressed in the following sentence:

> It is considered that the Russo-Japanese Treaty, the text of which has not been published here (Paris), implies a prospective alliance between Japan, Russia, China and Germany.

M. Herriot had this possibility in mind when, in his recent threatening speech, in which he out-did M. Poincaré, he referred to the Russo-Japanese Treaty. According to the special cable from Paris, January 30, 1925, published in the *Christian Science Monitor,*

> the French Premier would have Europe united against any possible coalition from outside Europe. Germany cannot be allowed to join up with the Asiatic combination. . . . The main idea of M. Herriot, declares the *Matin,* is to prevent at any price Germany from yielding to the temptation of coalescing with Asiatic powers, for Russia, in this respect, is regarded rather an Asiatic than a European power. It is imperative, therefore, that Germany be disarmed materially and morally and brought into the pacts of security and arbitration that the League of Nations is studying.

France now sees the menace of a new Yellow Peril, as the Kaiser saw the night-mare when he was anxious that there should not be a Russo-Japanese or Sino-Japanese understanding! British statesmen see the "conflict of color" in the Orient undermining "white superiority" and thus destroying "civilization"!! It is rather curious for France to denounce the idea of an alliance with an Asiatic Power, when in the past she has allied herself with Turkey, Japan, Russia, and China to gain her own ends. Lest we forget, let us record that France in the past proposed alliances with Indian Princes and the last King of Burma, with the express idea of ousting the British from South-Eastern Asia. So far as the British attitude toward the Asiatic nations, particularly Japan, is concerned, it is sufficient to mention that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance served for twenty years as the corner-stone of British diplomacy in the Orient; and there would not have been any vestige of the British Empire left if Japan, China and India had joined against Britain in the side of the Central Powers during the World War. In the past Japan has aided Britain to crush Russia and Germany in succession, and now Britain wants Japan to be crushed!

In the Near East, in spite of the Treaty of Lausanne, the Russo-Turkish understanding, which might be termed a defensive alliance, still exists. Even today friendly relations exist between Germany and Turkey. Turkey and Afghanistan are bound up by an offensive and defensive alliance. Relations between Persia and Russia are rather cordial, because it was due to the spirit of co-operation and the aid of Soviet Russia that Persia succeeded in doing away with the Anglo-Persian Treaty of Protectorate which was imposed upon her by the diplomacy of Lord Curzon and Lloyd-George during the Peace Conference at Paris. Unless some radical change takes place in the policy of Russia, these Moslem states of Turkey, Persia and Afghanistan are not going to be actively hostile to Russia, or friendly to Great Britain or any enemy of Russia.

To safeguard her position in the Near East, the Mediterranean, and North Africa, it seems that Britain is depending upon her superior naval force, the internationalization of the Straits, and the Anglo-French-Italian understanding on a *status quo* basis in Africa. She is the prime promoter of the "New Balkan Anti-Bolshevist Bloc" composed of Rumania, Bulgaria and Jugo-Slavia. It has been reported that Queen Mary of Rumania "may yet realize the ambition attributed to her of becoming the 'mother-in-law' of the Balkans." British support of the Dawes Plan to save Germany, was aimed at doing everything possible to detach the latter from Russia, and use her on England's side against Russia or France as the case might be. With the proposed Singapore Naval Base, and the program of increasing the navy (eight new cruisers of 10,000 tons each), Great Britain feels secure in the Pacific so long as there is Anglo-American co-operation and Anglo-Japanese tension. Britain is not opposed to an American-Japanese conflict in the Pacific, because that would ultimately result in British supremacy in the Far East through a weakening of these two great nations on the Pacific, possibly eliminating Japan for some time to come. At the same time Britain is willing to participate in another Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments, to bring about closer Anglo-American co-operation in world politics in general and in the Pacific in particular, to offset the menace of a Russo-Japanese-Chinese understanding or any other combination.

It is generally asserted that Japan is the only Power opposed to the Singapore Naval Base scheme; but if the situation is studied carefully it will be perfectly clear that Russia and China are no less opposed to it. In fact France is also opposed to the Singapore project because it might be directed against her in Indo-China in case of a conflict between Britain and herself. Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Constantinople, the Suez, Singapore, Hongkong are the links of a chain. As Australia is in favor of the Singapore Naval Base scheme, India on the contrary must be opposed to it if the people of India are conscious of their own interest. India, in the long run, cannot gain by acting in a way which will be against the interest of her neighbors—China, Russia, Japan, and France. In case Great Britain is involved in a serious conflict in the Pacific or in any other part of Asia, India may have to bear the heaviest burden. Without Indian aid Britain can never cope with the Sino-Japanese-Russian bloc aided by other powers. In this connection it must be carefully kept in mind that Indian grievances against Britain are no less serious than they were in the past in the case of Ireland.

Many American naval experts and others are in favor of the Singapore Base, thinking that the Pacific problems will be solved by Anglo-American naval co-operation against all other nations. This is the idea and program worked for by the late American Ambassador to Great Britain, Hon. Walter Hines Page ("Life and Letters of Walter Hines Page," Vol. II, p. 344). It is needless to add that this is also the opinion of British statesmen irrespective of party affiliation. The idea of Anglo-American co-operation has been growing every day since the days of Cecil Rhodes.

There is not the least doubt that the American people sincerely wish to have world peace on the basis of liberty and justice, and one of the methods suggested is limitation of armaments and if possible "outlawry of war." But American support of the Singapore Naval Base scheme can never convince Japan, Russia, China, France, Germany or any other nation that it is consistent with the spirit which advocates limitation of armaments, not to speak of "outlawry of war."

If America chooses Anglo-American co-operation in the Pacific and supports the Singapore Naval Base idea, then it is possible that by the superior force of these two great naval powers there will be armed peace in the Pacific for some time. But if America takes the leadership for territorial and complete sovereignty of China with an understanding with Japan, China, Russia, France and England and other nations, the situation will be different. Is it to the interest of America to support Britain in the scheme of the Singapore Naval Base and create the impression in China, Japan, Russia, Germany, France and other lands that America is committed to Anglo-American control of the Pacific in opposition to other nations, and as a stepping-stone towards Anglo-American world domination? It is apparent now that there is going to be another Washington Conference in the near future. Let us hope that it will further real American interests which lie in the promotion of World Peace and human brotherhood by upholding the cause of justice and liberty against the spirit of imperialism and world domination. Will American statesmanship rise to this responsibility during the coming opportunity?

New York City. "POLITICAL OBSERVER."

A Backward Glance at Millet

Just fifty years ago Jean Francois Millet, "this painter of the sorrow of the world," died at Barbizon, near the forest of Fontainebleau.

Perhaps his passing seems longer ago than a mere half century—his pictures carry us back so far, in certain ways, that we may have fallen into the habit of thinking of their creator as being as remote as their own spirit; he painted the human elements that are as ancient as Time itself, but the man himself is almost of our own period—there are, surely, many men still living who remember Millet in the flesh or at least recall the first report of his death.

Fifty years is such a little time, really.

Born on October 4, 1814, "in the hamlet of Guchy, parish of Greville, district of Beaumont, department of La Manche, north of Cotentin, in a region conspicuous for solid good sense and wild country," the painter was the second of the eight children—the oldest son—of Jean Louis Nicholas Millet and his wife, Aimee Henriette Adelaide Henry, called du Perron. In maturity he spoke with pride of his humble origin, "a peasant I was born, and a peasant I will die." But remarkable peasants were his parents. They were poor, yes, in money, but rich in ideals and possessed of a very genuine, if unconscious culture.

The father was

precentor of the parish church; he had some knowledge of music and conducted the rustic choir . . . a gentle, meditative man who had vague, artistic instincts. He tried to model in clay and to carve in wood; he liked to observe animals, plants and people, and it was he who first showed Francois the beauty of the fields. He transmitted to him his moral austerity, his chastity of mind and disgust for loose talking and jesting.

The painter's mother

belonged to a family of rich farmers who had been reckoned gentle-folk. One of her great-uncles was a priest who had risked his life during the Revolution by his proud refusal to take the oath to the Constitution and deny his uncompromising faith; he, in person, was a Hercules and took pleasure in field-labour. Another great-uncle was learned in chemistry; a third, a miller, used to read Pascal, Nicole, Montaigne and Charron.

So much for the parents. There was another person in the household who was "the most original" of the group and "the one who had most influence upon Millet" in his childhood and youth. This was his grandmother, Louise Jumelin,

an old countrywoman of intense religious faith, a Catholic Puritan, living in God like a woman of Port Royal, seeing everything in God and mingling God in every scene of nature and every act of life.

"The family," says Romain Rolland, "was a fine instance of that reserve of moral strength and dignified thought which often exists among the poorer French people."

Given this heredity, it is easy to understand why Millet's work breathes piety, sincerity and resignation.

There were other influences in the early career of the peasant-painter. The Bible—in Latin and illustrated with fine old engravings—was one of these. Indeed, it was the representations of events in the life of Christ that he found there that first stirred in his breast the impulse to paint. Other books there were, too. All his life Millet was a great reader. When his mother died, in 1853, all he asked as his share of her "estate" was the library—which must necessarily have been as small as it was good—and an old oak cupboard. Let us pause a moment to note what Millet read and especially valued from first to last: the Bible we have spoken of; the others were: Bossuet, Fénelon, St. Francis of Sales, St. Jerome, St. Augustin, Virgil, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Walter Scott, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Chateaubriand, Theocritus, Dante, Burns, Montaigne, Bernard Palissy, Poussin and Bernardin de St. Pierre. Surely a splendid list! How many of us could truthfully say we have read as deeply or chosen as well?

No wonder Romain Rolland says:

"His literary knowledge was solid and essentially classical," and that "he drew from it his sanity of mind, his balance and that manliness which detesting sentimentality, simper and inflation, speaks simply, soberly and strongly."

No wonder, either, that Millet's letters are so fascinating, so accurate and so vividly effective. For example these sentences, selected at random from his correspondence:

What everyone ought to do is to seek progress in his own profession. Everything else is dream or calculation. (1854.)

You are sitting under the trees, feeling all the ease, all the tranquility that can possibly be enjoyed; you see some poor figure laden with a faggot come turning out of some little path. The unexpected and always striking way in which this figure appears to you carries your mind instantly to the sadness of human life. . .

"In all the world what pleasure has he seen?
Lives any poorer on this round machine?"

—*La Fontaine.*

. . . In tilled lands you see these figures digging and delving. From time to time you see one straighten his loins and wipe his forehead with the back of his hand. Is this the gay, frolicsome work in which some people would have us believe? Yet here for me is the real humanity, the great poetry. (1851.)

I would on no account be deprived of winter. Oh! the sadness of the fields and woods, not to behold you would be too great a loss! (1866.)

The joyful side never appears to me. I do not know what it is. I have never seen it. The most cheerful things I know are calm and silence. (1851.)

Yet: "I do not pretend to be unhappier than many others. I feel no resentment against anyone, not thinking myself more of a victim than are many others." (1857.)

Yes, there are bad people, but there are good ones, and one good one makes up to us for many bad. . . I do not complain.

No, Millet never complained. "Human folly, spite and egotism never disturb his admirable calm." We never find him whining. But we do find him—unceasingly—telling the truth about the hard lot of toiling humanity, and that, plus of course his skill with brush and pencil, is why we have in him the greatest of all the painters of the people.

Never a propagandist, never interested in revolutionary movements; on the contrary protesting all along that he was merely painting people as he saw them, with no thought of any "message" that might shock "the idle rich," Millet's pictures, his letters, his conversation, his very life, and the life he represented—all spell protest. But not protest against the State or wealth or any institution. Larger than that, his protest, unconscious to the end, was aimed at Life itself, strange as that may seem.

On a certain occasion he said to friends who with him were listening to the sound of bells tolling out a dying year: "I wish all of you as few years as possible!"

A bitter thought certainly. But not without reason did he speak. Life as he knew it was bitter.

As a child he had lived close to the sea. One day when he was not more than four or five years old he saw on the beach the wrecks of five or six fine ships, cast up by the storm of the previous night. He never forgot the heap of dead bodies. . . .

It is a difficult task to make plain that the element of morbidity and that of hate were not present in the soul of this man who felt so keenly the pathetic destiny of laboring men and women. To those who have studied his pictures carefully the point will be clear. Millet simply did not objectify his protest; he simply did not hold anything responsible. He painted the truth because it was the truth, not because he wished to provide any group or party in society with either arguments or insults. A true thing was natural, a natural thing was good, a good thing was beautiful. If we begin with the unquestioned sensitiveness of the painter as boy and as man we can understand every word and every action of his existence.

As soon as Millet was old enough to help his father and mother he worked with them in the fields. And as soon as he was old enough to hold a pencil he began to draw.

His father knew enough to understand his vocation . . . but the ground had to be tilled. Without a murmur . . . little Francois submitted; and quite simply, with that entire absence of selfish ambition, that inborn stoicism which he showed throughout his life, he sacrificed his tastes in order to fulfil his duties to those around him.

There were always many around him, many mouths to be fed. In his father's house there were the parents, the grandmother, eight children, and possibly other relatives. Millet himself was twice married. He had nine children, the oldest born in 1846, the youngest in 1863. To his cottage at Barbizon came also, in 1854, two of his brothers "who wished to become artists."

Indeed, it may be said that a very large part of his suffering derived from the number of his dependents.

In 1852, "his life was wearing him out . . . he was killing himself with work for his family." Theodore Rousseau, the painter who, fifteen years later, died in Millet's arms,

saw an image of the cares that besieged Millet at this season in that fine and serious picture—one of the very purest he ever painted—the "Peasant grafting a Tree." Rousseau was moved to tears by it. He saw in it a symbol of a father exhausting himself in silence for the life of his family. "Yes, Millet works for those who belong to him," he said, "he exhausts himself like a tree that produces too much blossom and fruit; he wears himself out to keep his children alive. He grafts the shoots of a civilized branch upon a sturdy wild stock, and thinks, like Vergil: *'Insere, Daphni, pyros; carpent tux poma nepotes.'* ('Engraft your pear-trees, Daphnis; your grandchildren will eat your apples.')"

We are Millet's children; we are "eating his apples."

Rousseau himself bought the picture and

with touching kindness concealed from Millet that he was the purchaser and made him believe that an American had bought it.

Americans, by the way, did occasionally buy Millet's work. He was appreciated here long before France knew his worth.

But sales were few and domestic demands numerous and heavy. In 1857, Millet was "so unhappy that the idea of suicide beset him." That he was no coward appears from the fact that he triumphed over the temptation.

When he died, January 20, 1875, he left eighty pictures—most of them of small dimensions; canvas cost money. To some critics this number has seemed small, considering that Millet began to exhibit in 1840. To others it will seem amazing that he painted even four score, in view of the poverty and ill-health he experienced from beginning to end. Had he merely tilled the land from the harvests of which he fed his little ones he would have done all that society commonly requires of a father. It is only just to divide the years 1840 to 1875 in half—one part for farming, the other for painting. This done we may have a more accurate idea of Millet's productivity as an artist.

His best known work is probably "The Angelus"; millions of copies of it have been made and circulated. But it is not his finest picture by any means. "The Man with the Hoe" was a better example of Millet at his best; the original was lost in the San Francisco earthquake and fire, but we know it from countless reproductions, and its future fame is assured by Markham's stirring poem. Of the rest: "The Winnower," "The Sower," "The Gleaners," "The Fall of the Leaf," "The Drawers of Water," "The Shepherdess," "Death and the Woodcutter," "The Meal," "The Flight of Wild Geese," and "The Return to the Farm" are representative examples.

His master—if any—was Michelangelo. He spoke of the Italian as having "haunted" him "so strongly" all his life. Mantegna and El Greco he admired greatly, and Poussin and Rubens—he called them "strong." Of the men of his own time, Delacroix, "whom he loved and defended . . against his enemies," and his dear personal friend, Rousseau, were his favorites.

"Characterization, that is the aim," he wrote. "In art one must have a main thought, express it eloquently, preserve it in oneself and communicate it to others as though by the die of a medal."

And: "Woe to the artist who shows his talent rather than his picture!"

He believed that "impression forces expression" and that "to see is to draw." Concretely, then, he tried "to seize the drawing of things," that is: "the vital and essential qualities of things."

He aimed, certainly, very high; and he worked with the thought of definite accuracy and strength in the forefront of his mind. "I would rather say nothing than express myself feebly," he declared; and he might have added—though it was not necessary—that he could not successfully paint a lie. Poverty had driven him to "commercial work" in his youth—he even drew title pages for sheet music—but he loathed it.

Rolland believes that:

His were the conceptions of a writer, an orator, a man of action, a great intellectual artist whose aim is less to please by his work than to move men by his thought and his will.

Perhaps the shortest summing-up of Millet and the most meaningful is that of Robert Contaz, who, in a sonnet, in 1863, called him: "O Dante of the yokels, Michelangelo of clowns!" That he may be linked in brotherhood with these splendid names and in fellowship with the "yokels" and the "clowns" of earth has profound significance.

Millet was, indeed, a Dante, just as truly as he was a Michelangelo; and just as surely he was himself—a priceless artist, a noble soul, a liberator, a benefactor of mankind.

He knew few victories while yet he lived—some medals and, in 1867, the decoration of the Legion of Honor. But these were tardy recognitions, and he would have forgone them all to have saved Rousseau or spared his country even a small part of the tragedy of what he called: "the time of the great killing"—the Franco-Prussian war, 1870. "I feel my heart so full that I cannot bear it!" he wrote, June 20, 1871. He was dying—but oh, so slowly! He was "very thoroughly breaking up." Headaches, pain in his tired eyes, disturbances of the nerves reduced him gradually and painfully to the point where, in 1873, his lungs were affected, and he had violent hemorrhages.

"My cough has killed me," he wrote in September, 1874. But "he said he was dying too soon . . . at the moment when he was but beginning to have a clear idea of nature and art."

In one of the first days of the new year "a poor stag pursued by dogs had come to die in his garden." What a symbol! Millet pursued by the dogs of life—poverty, disease, war and death. . . .

So fifty years ago he passed.

"Ah, my poor child," the wise old curé of the village of his birth had said to him when he was but a little boy, "you have a heart which will give you a deal of trouble; you don't know how much you will suffer."

Millet had the heart. We have the pictures.

New York City. JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

Was the World War Worth While?

At the recent session of the Assembly of the League of Nations a "Protocol for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes"—*all* disputes, question of national honor or of vital interests not excepted—was unanimously adopted by the delegates for recommendation to their respective governments. This action is the high water mark thus far of the tide of international peace. An eminent professor of international law says that it indicates such progress since the war as one might have thought it would take a century to accomplish. May we therefore conclude that the World War, despite its losses and horrors, was on the whole a benefit to mankind inasmuch as it hastened the establishment of permanent peace? Shall those who fought the war be honored as the true pacifists? Shall we thank God for the World War and be consoled for all its sorrow by the consideration that it was not fought in vain?

Clear thinking on this subject is greatly to be desired. Give the devil his due—the devil of war—by all means. If anything good can justly be said of the World War, let it be said. But let us discriminate, not forgetting that the same measure of progress might have been attained by a less costly process than war, were men wiser.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," said Benjamin Franklin. If the nations that deem themselves the leaders of civilization were indeed unable to see the folly of war except by the help of a tremendous demonstration thereof such as the World War has afforded, then we might reasonably rejoice that the demonstration, costly though it was, has taken place. But was the demonstration effective? Does the general public so interpret the World War? Not at the present time, surely. Pacifists see in that war proof positive that war must be abolished if civilization is to survive. But the popular view, at least in the victorious countries, is that by the method of war great gains were secured, or at any rate great evils averted. In America we still honor our World War soldiers as saviours of civilization. Not for a generation will it be possible to convince the generality that *the most useful thing the soldiers did was to demonstrate the uselessness of what they were doing*. In the veterans, in their relatives and friends, and in all who engaged whole-heartedly in various kinds of work intended to help "win the war," there is and long will be immense emotional resistance to the recognition of the futility of the war. It was fools' business from the first to last, but only the exceptionally wise and brave can see, not to say admit, that they have played the fool. Every war thus handicaps the cause of peace, for it gives to a multitude a sort of vested interest in perpetuating the delusion that collective homicide is sometimes necessary. The fact is that war is consummate idiocy, as anybody can see with even half an eye who will look at war dispassionately. But, save for exceptional individuals, a generation that has engaged in war has made itself incapable of taking a dispassionate view of it.

If the World War had ended without victory for either side—as probably it would have done if our country had been sensible enough to keep out—then there would have been much more chance, although no certainty, that the lesson of war's futility be learned. With neither side elated by victory or humiliated by defeat, but with each side exhausted by its unsuccessful effort to conquer the other, a just and stable peace might conceivably have ensued, and the nations that had played the fool, having learned their lesson in the dear school

of experience, might have abjured war forever. But the victory which our country's participation effected forbade so happy a conclusion. Victory brought precisely what President Wilson in the days when his reason was functioning at its best predicted, drastic terms imposed by the victor and in bitterness accepted perforce by the vanquished, terms on which peace rests as it were on a quicksand. The war settlement planted in various places the seeds of future wars and mocked the lofty aim that had been avowed in the slogan, "A war to end war." That avowal was never anything but solemn nonsense fit for the satire of the Great Teacher, "How can Satan cast out Satan?" War is not a cure for war. War begets war. The World War has not weakened but has strengthened the mistaken faith in the necessity and efficacy of violence in the dealings of nations with one another. The very Protocol over which many pacifists are now rejoicing is cumbered with "sanctions," provisions for that self-contradiction, "enforcing peace" by means of war!

No one of the late belligerents is in the vanguard of peace today, perhaps least of all our own great country with its recent Defense Day gesture of defiance. It is the smaller countries of Europe that had sense enough to keep out of the war—Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Switzerland—that are now leading the world in the paths of wisdom which are peace. Denmark's government is actually proposing complete disarmament without waiting for other countries. Let the fact be noted far and wide to Denmark's glory and honor.

Theoretically delirium tremens may prove to be a lesson to the drunkard and teach him sobriety. Doubtless it would avail were the drunkard dominated by reason. But in that case he would not be a drunkard. In point of fact delirium tremens leaves its victim in such a condition as almost to guarantee further indulgence in strong drink, with repeated attacks of the dread malady until death intervenes. The like is true of war. It does not itself tend to peace but rather to more war until "they that take the sword perish by the sword." As a war to end war the World War was a failure and worse. It had the opposite effect. Instead of hastening the day when wars shall be no more, it postponed that day we cannot yet tell how long.

Boston, Mass. HENRY W. PINKHAM.

In Memoriam: E. D. Morel

[At the great meeting held on Sunday, January 25th, at the Community Church, New York City, in memory of E. D. Morel, the following poem written for the occasion was read by its author, Edwin Markham; and the following address, among others, delivered by Oswald Garrison Villard. We present these to our readers as a kind of supplement to our recent Memorial number.—J. H. H.]

MOREL

"Morel will tower above the age as the years depart."—*Romain Rolland.*

"Death is nothing: death will not stop us. The cause will go on."—*E. D. Morel,* near the end of his career.

I

Who heard the cry out of Africa and hurled
His strength against the shame that mockt the world?
Who was it when the Congo's trails were red,
Cried to the King the judgment of the dead?
'Twas you who heard and struck the alarum-bell,
Morel.

We chant your elegy, O chieftain gone:
We mourn the eclipse of that great brow of dawn,
That lifted brow, fire-white with a sacred passion
For justice, which in God's good time shall fashion
The Comrade Order that you loved so well,
Morel.

You knew the treason of the masters, knew
The plunder of the many by the few;
And, daring of heart, you raised the people's cry
For justice, till the thunders toucht the sky.
You carried a dream the years will not dispel,
Morel.

Man of the Dawn, because you came our way,
The night is less, and greater is the day.
Now let no soul lose courage and retreat
Since you fought on and found the battle sweet,
Since you had faith no power could ever quell,
Morel.

Hero, knight-errant of the New Romance,
Hail and farewell. You took the desperate chance:
You stakt your all on faith, and onward trod—
Your faith that there is justice, there is God—
That Love will sometime be life's sentinel,
Morel.

We heard your cry, great comrade, and will hear
On every battle-line your quickening cheer.
Death? Death is nothing! Death can give no pause:
It will go on and on, our deathless Cause;
And so my song is a pean, not a knell,
Morel.

For toiling hosts you took the blast of scorn:
Your daring deed will profit souls unborn,
Your hope will kindle hearts on the long way,
Your truth will stand beyond the Judgment Day—
Stand tho the stars of the Zodiac rebel,
Morel.

II

We go to our own kind, to our own place;
So you have joined the heroes of the race;
And as your soul's light rises on the dead,
We hear the joy-cry of the souls ahead.
Therefore we sound for you no funeral-bell,
Morel.

For in that better country where you are,
They greet you as you leave our battling star.
We almost hear their salvos of applause:
"He comes," they cry, "the captain of our Cause!"
So of your fame the Hero Heavens will tell,
Morel.

You join the heroes who must ever fight
To build their Heavens against the invading Night.
Yes, for they still find struggle Over There,
On firmer ground, in more enkindling air;
And still your old nobilities compel,
Morel.

And as they come to greet with song and flame,
I hear your glad lips cry Keir Hardie's name—
A name that was fire on the old desperate days,
When you lookt toward him with a face of praise,
While he cried hope when hope was at the knell,
Morel.

Farewell, great soul: you dared to take the chance
In whirlwind where the steps of God advance.
Wherever there was danger you were there,
Flinging the people's banner to the air;
And now the watchers hail you, "Oh, done well,
Morel!"

III

Hero, you strode along our common way
As one descended from a larger day;
And now we mourn your going, our last dead—
Mourn the eclipse of that heroic head.
You were the guardian of our citadel,
Morel.

Where now is a man of the people to throw his weight
Against the secret treasons of the State?
Who now is left to tell the truth to kings,
And strip them of their blood-red plunderings?
Who now is left to make the slaves rebel,
Morel?

What shall we do now that you have departed,
Gone from us, comrade, you the hero-hearted?
What shall we do, for oft we saw your light
Gleam and then darken in the storm of fight;
And seeing, we snatcht once more the flag that fell,
Morel.

Ah, we must seize the banner you let fall,
And plant it flying on the battle-wall.
And as we stand there on the danger-line,
Your fire of faith will on our spirits shine,
Your soul will help us hold the citadel,
Morel.

EDWIN MARKHAM.

E. D. Morel

I shall never be able to think of E. D. Morel as anything else than a modern Sir Galahad clothed in most shining armor. He was of those happy unhappy mortals that cannot see human wrong and injustice perpetrated without taking them as a cross upon their backs, but are yet serenely happy within, exalted by their self-sacrifice and fortified by their activities on behalf of others. It was Charles Sumner who declared that the cause of the Abolitionists was greater than that of their fathers who freed America from the yoke of the English king, "inasmuch as it is nobler to strive for the liberties of others than for our own." Morel fought for the liberties of others unceasingly, never taking count of the cost. It happened that in fighting for the freedom of others he was also fighting for his own since we are all the slaves of modern diplomacy in league with the juggernaut of capitalism which have taken the toll of millions and millions of lives in the last decade—ten millions in four fatal years. But Morel fought for the freedom of others from suffering, and for their right to live without being massacred because of the ineptitudes, the stupidities, the wickednesses, and the corruption of the chancelleries of Europe, without thought that he might have himself a stake in it all.

Doubtless E. D. Morel was often lonely and alone. Yet no one could see that nobly handsome presence, that tall, graceful, active figure, those dark eyes at times flashing, at times wearing the look that bespeaks much inward communion, without feeling that here was one set apart to stir men's consciences or to sear their souls. It is the fashion to impugn the courage of those who oppose war to the point of refusing to support any war, whether one's own country is involved in it or not. Well, here was an opponent of the great war who had displayed but a few years previously on the Congo the profoundest heroism, unflinching moral and physical courage, risking his life day by day in the exposure of one of the most hideous wrongs that human greed and human cruelty have ever perpetrated upon this earth. When the war came and he, knowing its incredible hypocrisy and sham and the falsity of its pretenses on the other side of the water as on this, dared to oppose it, men everywhere forgot the nobility of acts that should have won him the decorations of every civilized country had he coveted such baubles. Never was a man more deserving of statues, of an eternal record, but never did anyone experience more fully, more completely, or more suddenly the ingratitude of mankind. He never hesitated, never complained, never questioned, and never feared, and went to prison when his time came as noble a knight as ever wore the mail of a righteous cause, or bore the spiritual sword of a crusader on behalf of his fellow-man.

It is of the deeds of his pen that I am to speak briefly tonight, since it is to that profession of journalism that I myself belong. Some of us who are in it are appalled at the degradation of the press which has come with the decay of the present capitalist civilization; we have seen it become the handmaid of oppression, the tool of exploiters, the mouthpiece of a small dominant class trying its best to tear to pieces by falsity and misrepresentation any man like Morel, who dares dissent. We have spent many sleepless hours seeking some way to win it back again to what it once was—at least in far greater measure than today—the ally of the people, the teller of truth within a democracy. We have taken profound comfort in the sight of Morel founding his *Foreign Affairs* in the face of torrents of abuse and denunciation, and printing the truth about the war and the lies with which its inception has been hidden from the knowledge of the masses. One must turn to Garrison and his *Liberator* for a parallel to Morel and his associates. Garrison did not hesitate to burn the American Constitution publicly; Morel would not spare his countrymen any more than anyone else. If his zeal carried him steps further in the blaming of his own countrymen for the crucifixion of humanity than some of us could follow that did not abate our respect and admiration for him for one instant. *Foreign Affairs* has not convinced the world because it has fallen only into the hands of comparatively few and it is to the interests of powerful groups on both sides of the Atlantic to see that *Foreign Affairs* is not widely read. Yet I believe that recognition of Morel and his associate editors and his financial backers will yet come as it has come in increasing measure to Garrison. Certainly it was a journalistic achievement that anyone might be proud of —one that heartened all who sought the truth in every one of the embattled nations. It is a priceless record of documents and facts and no one in the future who

writes about the war, its causes and its consequences, and ignores Morel and the files of *Foreign Affairs* can lay claim to being an impartial historian, or to being desirous of the truth of the facts that lie behind the web of propaganda spun around the whole blind world. Surely the lesson of his life tells us that whatever the odds, the man of dauntless courage compelled by his desire for righteousness, by a burning sense of injustice and wrong, can yet create and carry on a medium, however small, that shall forever be a challenge to mankind as well as a repository of truth free from malice, hate, and the thirst for blood.

I have no fear as to what will happen to Morel when a certain great spirit shall turn the leaves of a great book. Then Morel's name will lead all the rest. I am happy to think of that last triumphal ride of his from his headquarters to the train in Dundee through fifteen thousand people who cheered this despised and hated, once imprisoned, newly elected man. I can see him standing up in his beauty and taking it all without personal pride or vanity, but as the portent of the triumph of his causes. Somehow there comes to me also the picture of the Wingéd Victory. It was not long after that earthly triumph that his soul winged its noble way to other climes, to the stars to whose light he ever turned.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD.

Denmark's Great Act of Love

The Closing of One of the Noblest Chapters in European Relief Work

One of the most beautiful chapters in the post-war relief work in Europe is that of Denmark's. There has been very little talk about the work Denmark did from 1917 and up till October 1st, 1924. But looking back upon the seven years' continued relief activity, the task Denmark has completed assumes a character of great magnitude, unique in the history of relief work. Before depicting in some detail the scope of the work, the reader must bear in mind that the Danish people, numbering about three and one-half millions, were rationed during the War for several important articles of food, and that a financial depression set in after the close of the War.

Altogether 55,000 children from Germany and Austria have stayed in Danish homes, their stay averaging 4½ months. This has probably been the chief and the most important and lasting piece of work done. Of these children 36,000 were German, 19,000 Austrian, mostly Vienna children. The writer has witnessed the arrival in Denmark of many train loads of these children during the terrible years 1919-22. These trains, packed with hundreds of thin emaciated children from the Central European capitals, were sad to look upon. They came as tangible illustrations of the awful conditions prevailing in Germany and Austria four or five years ago. I have seen grown-up men and women weep at the sight of these pitiable processions of undersized, underfed and ill-dressed children. Hundreds of miles away from their homes, they had to come to a strange country, to a strange people with a strange language, in order not to die of hunger. But the writer has also witnessed the departure of trains crowded with well-fed, well-dressed, bonny, happy German and Austrian children, who had virtually been transformed in Denmark, and he has witnessed the manifestations of mutual love between children and foster parents, and has visualized the building up of strong and lasting chords of international friendship therefrom.

This great salving of human lives was brought about in 1917 by the formation in Copenhagen of a committee whose aim was to help children from war-stricken countries. The committee has done a wonderful work, and two men in particular, the Copenhagen lawyer, Mr. Siguard Jacobsen, and the Socialist member of the Danish Parliament, Mr. J. P. Nielsen, have devoted themselves unstintedly to the great task.

The Danish government granted the committee the use of free office rooms in one of the Copenhagen castles, and the Danish State railroads carried the 55,000 children free of charge to any spot in Denmark from the Danish borderline. Likewise the Austrian and the German State railroads carried the children gratis through their respective countries.

The sum total in money of giving free board and lodging to 55,000 starved children in 4½ months—thousands of the children stayed six months, and many of them a year—is not easily ascertained; 25 million crowns is guessed at. And there must be added, moreover, the total replenishing of clothing given to practically every child who stayed in Denmark. Practically every one of the 55,000 children went back with big bundles of clothing and gifts of diverse kinds, and many thousands of Danish families kept on sending gifts of clothing, food and money to the families whose children they entertained, and they are still sending their gifts along.

Added to this, 25 million crowns (6½ crowns are equivalent to $1.00) were collected amongst the Danish people for Central European relief during the seven years, and for the major part of this money—nearly four million dollars—food for the starving was being bought. Twelve million crowns (two million dollars) were used in Germany alone, the Red Cross administering the relief, and the remainder was used in Belgium, France, Austria and Poland. . . . No French children have been to Denmark for a visit. On account of several difficulties, the French government a few years ago refused an offer to send French children to Denmark. Two large orphanages were then established in France instead, and two other French orphanages were supported financially by the Danes. And in September last the Danish committee completely dressed 2,000 Belgian children.

Entirely outside of the work of this committee, a Danish committee for Russian famine relief worked energetically during the worst time of the Russian famine, and approximately 700,000 crowns were collected in funds for that purpose. Several depots under the Danish flag were established in the Russian famine area, and thousands of Russian children were kept alive through Danish charity.

As a permanent institution commemorating the relief Denmark extended to Vienna in the most critical years of the Austrian capital's history, a Danish club has been established in a beautiful pavilion in one of Vienna's parks. Here come daily several hundreds of the Vienna children who have been to Denmark. They speak the Danish language here, sing Danish songs and read

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

JUDGE LINDSEY ON THE FIRING LINE

Since the Juvenile Court of Denver was founded twenty-five years ago under our first Juvenile Court Law of April 12, 1899, it has saved to the tax payers of Denver as may be shown by conservative estimates seven and a half million dollars in money. It has helped to redeem to good citizenship approximately 40,000 of Denver's children. By its example, and the publicity given its work through the press, it has helped possibly more than any other court in this country to establish children's courts in every state in the Union and throughout the civilized world. Thus it has helped to minister to the welfare of millions of children. As a family and domestic relations court hearing every aspect of cases concerning children, it has revolutionized the state's method of handling these cases.

I have always insisted that I will not sit in a Juvenile Court dealing with effects unless I point out the causes of these effects as we find them in social, economic and industrial injustice. Unless we fight the causes of our social ills, even Juvenile Courts enable us to only move around in a circle and their effectiveness in helping a few individuals really gets us nowhere fundamentally in the improvement of society. Within the last year the Ku Klux Klan appeared in Colorado. It furnished a sort of a red herring across the trail of the real issues and by appealing to racial religious prejudices threatened the disruption of our government. The movement spread over this city and state like wildfire. It appealed largely to the inferiority complexes of the mediocrities who rushed into it by the thousands. They paid $10.00 a head to hate somebody and determined to get their money's worth. I saw danger in that movement and indignantly rejected the efforts made to draw me into it. I dared to openly oppose it and was practically the only candidate in this county who hotly denounced it from the platform and pointed out its hideous un-Americanism and injustice. For this, the Klan dictators announced in their secret conclaves that I must be destroyed. They could not get any decent, reputable lawyer in Denver to run against me. They imported into this city from an adjoining county a Klan judge of a small county. Investigation proved that this man had a questionable reputation and notwithstanding his exposure and denunciation by the Civic League of Denver as being utterly unfit for Judge of the Juvenile Court, the Klan, with the aid of their powerful organization with which they had already captured the Republican organization at the primaries, came very near electing him. With the exception of two other Democrats whom they did not oppose and who had said nothing against them, I was the only Democrat out of some twenty Democratic candidates for office, who survived the Coolidge cloudburst in Denver county and was elected. This was considered remarkable in that I had to run some 30,000 votes ahead of John W. Davis in order to win.

This unexpected and remarkable victory only infuriated the dictators of the Klan. They had been absolutely confident of my defeat. This confidence was based upon three outstanding facts, the united opposition of their amazing organization of 35,000 members, of the powerful local utility corporation City Hall machine whose recent unjust gain of several million dollars in city railroad valuation in a utility franchise case I had bitterly and openly opposed and of an accumulation of the enemies made in twenty-five years of fighting the battles of the people. They therefore held numerous conferences to undo our victory. Because of the closeness of my election the Klan dictators determined upon a court contest and if that should fail upon the passage of bills in the legislature to abolish the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver and transfer this work to the old discrediated method of rotation of seven district judges to which would be added two additional judges to be appointed by their Klan governor from their Klan membership. Their grounds for contest which has now been started consist principally of alleged irregularities in precincts of Jewish and foreign born voters. It is not difficult to find some alleged irregularities in such precincts because many of the voters are illiterate but nevertheless honest patriotic citizens and they are alleged to have been helped to vote in violation of law but in accord with the custom of both parties, by party watchers instead of party judges of election. In their contest they claim they can deprive me of from five hundred to fifteen hundred votes because of this and other somewhat similar alleged irregularities in receiving and counting of the votes—which we deny. If they do that they will succeed in taking over the Juvenile Court. They have elected a majority of Klan District county judges as well as the Supreme Court's one Klan candidate. Failing in the contest as we feel sure they will, they count on the Klan members of the legislature to abolish the court. The lower house of the legislature is overwhelmingly Klan. The newly elected Governor is an active Klansman. There is, however, some question about the Klan controlling the state Senate. If it does, the court will be abolished under the dictation of the Ku Klux Klan oligarchy. With the help of friends I am hopeful that we may yet save the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver. Even if we do not, I shall still account this fight the greatest victory we ever won because it has been a battle of real Americanism against the most un-American monstrosity that ever lifted its hate-hissing head in this country. Our record is made and nothing they can do can unmake it. It can only add to their own record of lawlessness and unAmericanism.

[A statement in answer to inquiries.]

BEN LINDSEY.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF PEACE.

Issued by The International Institute of China's Conference of All Religions and The National Society for Promoting Permanent Peace:—

To Generals Feng Yu-hsiang, Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tsó-lin, to the military, and Civil Governors, to the various military commanders and various newspapers in China:

Since civil war broke out between Chekiang and Kiangsu, hostilities have followed in the Northeast. Disturbances which arise in one corner threaten the whole country. Thousands of troops have been brought to the front and bloodshed has taken place over a vast area. Multitudes of the people have been forced to flee from their homes. Trade and industry have come to a standstill. The whole country is in a turbulent state and all the world is affected. It has been only about two months since the commencement of hostilities, the present state of affairs has already become most deplorable. It is most unfortunate that war should arise when other crises exist in the nation. The cry goes up, When can this disorder end? Winter is approaching. The soldiers on the field of battle will suffer from the cold weather, the snow and the ice. How, then, can they fight under such conditions?

The people have already suffered from famine and flood. A great number of children have been sold. Thousands have lost their lives. The poverty and suffering condition of the people are ever before our eyes.

You, the various military leaders, have been exercising the control of the country for years. Your plans for wise administration show that you still have regard for the people. We rely upon you to do all that you can to relieve the distress of the people and to save them from destruction. While victory may bring one glory, and defeat bring disgrace, yet even victory through the slaughter of others will in the long run be of no avail. If one on the other hand seek the peace and safety of the country, the people will certainly join in singing his praises. It is better to yield than to seek to absorb. Since we are citizens of one country, why

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Danish books. Danish men and women are always in attendance, and they read letters the children have received from their Danish foster parents, and help them write letters back. Each child is daily served with cocoa and cake, and all the expenses of the institution are being paid for by voluntary subscriptions from the Danish parents, who took an Austrian child to their hearth-side when starvation rode its deathly tour across Central Europe.

Thus has been built up between the Danish people and thousands of homes in Germany, Belgium, France, Russia, Poland and Austria links of love that will never break, and in the hearts of 55,000 Austrian and German children have been sown the seeds of international friendship.

On October 1st, 1924, the Danish committee considered its work finished. Through its seven years' activity it has carried out a momentous task highly conducive to the furtherance of international goodwill, and the people of Denmark have, through their unselfish acts of love, endeared themselves to a whole continent.

Friends' Intelligencer. —*Peter Guldbrandsen.*

should we look on each other as enemies?

If we treat each other decently all will be our friends; if we complain and criticize, even our own brothers will become our enemies. Far better is it to secure friends than to have enemies. If the war is prolonged, the whole country will be endangered, and the suffering people will be brought to destruction.

The undersigned Associations, trying to heed the will of God whose mercy is shown to all mankind, earnestly pray that peace may be restored and all the clashing of opinion be done away.

Most respectfully submitted.—*The International Journal (Pekin).*

A NOBLE GESTURE

Four Pomona Sophomores, Gardiner, Geyer, Ide and Winn, among the most prominent and able of their class, recently turned back to the College authorities their uniforms with the refusal longer to take the required military training. They had followed the prescribed militarist course in Freshman year. But two of them, Gardiner and Ide, had gone to Japan last summer as members of the delegation of American students to the student body of that neighbor country. This experience and further thought had convinced them of the criminal nature of warfare. Hence they applied to the college authorities for release from the required training. There was some delay in the reply and impatient of waiting they flung their challenge in the shape of war uniforms. They were promptly assured of their release from further drill. It has been Pomona's custom to excuse all conscientious objectors and some months ago the College decided upon no more compulsory militarism for students entering after the close of the current year. This means that by the terms of the College's agreement with the Federal Government young men in the present Freshman and Sophomore classes will be required to drill, but after that it will be optional. Dr. Sherwood Eddy last week in his tremendous arraignment of war as the greatest of social crimes, told Pomona students that this was his first address of this character to a college audience and that the story of these four Sophomores was the compelling factor that moved him to choose this theme.

The most hopeful movement in American life today is the gradual awakening of the student body to the conviction that they will never serve as cannon fodder for a capitalistic world. If the young men and women of this country adopt this dynamic will and tell their parents what they have determined, it will move angels to smile to see how fast their fathers and mothers, encumbered with millions though many of them are, will commence to chorus the slogan "Outlaw war."

The Open Forum. —*D. S.*

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